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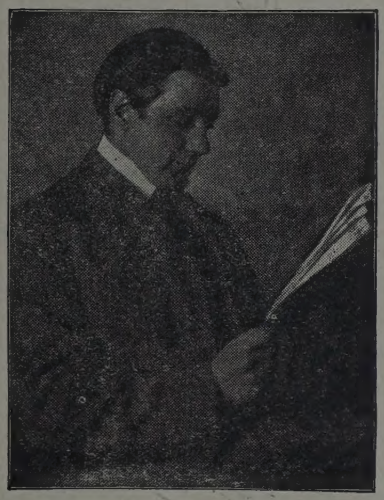
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



CHARLES ZUEBLIN,
Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI | THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1906 | NUMBER 22

Humanity is found kneeling, in every zone,
Before some holy thing, that points to God's pure throne;
No supplicating form, nor look, do thou despise,
By which poor, earthbouud hearts would struggle towards the skies.
One child with smiles contends, one with a tearful face,
In the dear mother's arms to win a blissful place.

[From Friedrich Rückert's Poetry of the Brahmins. Translated by Charles T. Brooks.]

It is a misfortune to incur a reputation as a humorist; it is so hard for such a man to persuade his friends that he is ever in earnest or that he is capable of a serious thought. Mark Twain has just achieved a seventieth birthday and he has a right to be taken seriously in his "King Leopold's Soliloquy," which is a searching criticism of the atrocities being perpetrated in the Congo district under the rule of King Leopold of Belgium. The Congo Reform Association, Tremont Temple, Boston, is distributing painful revelations of iniquity perpetrated by an alleged civilized power upon an alleged barbarous people, though after reading the satire of Mark Twain and the attendant pamphlets the adjectives become painfully confused.

Arthur M. Judy, of Davenport, Iowa, has ever been a devoted student of religious pedagogy. His work for Sunday school and club instruction has been for many years noteworthy. We have at hand a neatly printed pamphlet of thirty-six pages setting forth a curriculum of study for Sunday school and study clubs. His title page is modified by the words "Unitarian" and "liberalism in Religion," but the work is so comprehensive and fundamental that there is no reason why a Presbyterian, a Catholic or a Jew should not find in these pages ample material both for theory and practice. His course for Sunday school reaches through fifteen years. There are three years' work for the young people's union; four years arranged for club studies and several years' work for conference classes. The scheme is altogether too ambitious and suggestive to be disposed of in an editorial note. The pamphlet deserves close study and ought to command the attention of preachers and teachers who are alive to the perplexities of the situation. We hope the pamphlet will provoke discussion, to promote which the pages of UNITY are available.

"First Aid in Selecting a Pastor" is the all too technical title in the *Congregationalist* by the "managing editor of the Christian Endeavor work." Mr. Wells probably speaks as an expert in the matter and he neatly sums up his instructions. The candidate must at least know how "to laugh," "to cry," "to lock arms," "to clench fists," "to be able to beckon," "to walk" and "to kneel." Certainly a formidable array of requirements. What if it should happen that a candidate might average up in the nineties, as the school children say, on all these tests and still prove a misfit if indeed not something worse. Not to add to the confusion of an over-confiding committee, who will surely get along if they take nobody's advice, we venture to add that our candidate should have a good head-piece. He must not only know how to think but he must do a good deal of thinking. He must be able to put his gospel into terms of latest thought and highest scholarship. He must have some working appreciation of the words "evolution," "unearned increment," "corporate conscience," and of the piety of the ballot, the sanctity of the independent in politics and religion. He must not only be non-partisan and non-sectarian but he must know why he is not and must be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in him, on all proper occasions.

The traction problem in the city of Chicago has taken a sudden turn, a real surprise to all parties concerned. After enduring months of humiliation and cumulative defeat at the hands of the city council Mayor Dunne suddenly found himself at the head of a majority which hastened to pass the ordinances that had been long held in the committee room. What caused this sudden change on the part of a considerable number of the councilmen it would be hard to analyze; certainly no one cause obtained, for not only "gray wolves" but those whom the city had a right to trust, those favored by the municipal voters' league also changed their votes, and now, whatever the cause, the municipal ownership and control of city railroads is once more to be submitted to the people and the next spring election will be a crucial one. If the issue can be shaken loose from party entanglements the vote will have a national and international significance. If the bosses can be prevented from using municipal ownership as the cat's paw to take their party chestnuts out of the fire, democracy will have a magnificent triumph in Chicago next spring. In view of this unexpected turn of affairs the friends of municipal ownership may well be touched with humility; it becomes them to confess the gravity of the undertaking they urge. Blunders, crimes, even, are inevitable; the immediate result may even be poorer service than now; but even if this be the case, their contention is a high one. Cities like individuals should guard well their divine right to blunder. Progress triumphs by mistakes, and municipalities, like individuals, must rise "on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

The name of Prof. Charles Zeublin has passed beyond the confines of Chicago where for many years he has been well known as an advocate of public spirit; even beyond the wider confines of the University of Chicago in which he is Professor of Sociology. His persistent advocacy of municipal improvement and the need of enlarging the common wealth of modern life, is giving him a national fame. He has recently returned from the Pacific Coast where he has spent some months lecturing on subjects near to his heart. During his absence the University of Chicago Press has brought out a new book from his pen entitled " A Decade of Civic Development." These papers, nine in number, first appeared in the *Chautauquan* under the title of "The Civic Renascence." The chapters treat of "The New Civic Spirit," "The Training of the Citizen," "The Making of the City," "The White City and After," "The Metropolitan Boston," "Greater New York," "The Harrisburg Plan," "Washington Old and New," and "The Return to Nature." The book is illuminated with interesting photographic reproductions, such as the White House extension at Washington, the Tacoma high school, the public library at Colorado Springs, the Sigel school at St. Louis, the municipal improvement trolley car of Harrisburg, the Boston public library, the mural paintings of Tolstoy and Lincoln in the Hull House and the Mount Ranier National Park. We regret that Mr. Zeublin has surrendered to the unwholesome rivalry between two towns that rob the great mountain of its fitting Indian name—Tacoma—and fasten upon it the unworthy label that bears the name of an obscure English sea captain. But be that as it may, the book is one more sign of the times. We sometimes fear that Mr. Zeublin's virile contentions for the esthetic side of civic development may give shelter to a large amount of debilitating sentimentalism about street architecture and distressing advertisements, while the greater indignities and the besetting disgraces of human life go unrebuked and unremedied. So after reading this altogether attractive and commendable little book by Mr. Zeublin, we recommend the taking up of Mr. Howe's "The City the Hope of Democracy," and Mr. Hobhouse's "Democracy and Social Reaction," that the sinews of conscience may be strengthened. When righteousness is established within the borders of the modern city beauty will come fast enough. A long time ago Carlyle said, "When a young man begins to talk of esthetics and antiquities, there is not much hope for him"; which was his way of saying that there is an ethical foundation to beauty; that righteousness precedes art,—a proposition which Zeublin's book and still more Zeublin the man amply justifies. We are glad to present Mr. Zeublin's face on our title page, and heartily commend his book.

The Ultimate Test of a Business Man

On receipt of the news of Marshall Field's death, one of the leading Chicago dailies asked the Senior Editor of UNITY, in common with many others, for an estimate of the man to be published in their Tribute columns. The response to this request said in effect that "Marshall Field had proven himself possessor of one of the two fundamental essentials of a great business man, viz., the power of accumulating by straightforward methods, tireless diligence and insight into market values." *But "whether he possessed the second qualification of a great financier,—the power of wise distribution, a prophetic use of his accumulations, was to be determined by the terms of his will and the instructions to his administrators."*

The leading daily in question eliminated from the paragraph the last clause, which we have printed in italics. Now that the will of the great capitalist has been published, the business world as well as the representatives of philanthropy, education and industrial progress are discussing the last requisite. Barring the eight millions left to the perpetuation of the museum which is to bear his name, only four institutions representing public benefactions were remembered and these are the more conservative and conventional of charities, albeit altogether worthy, viz., an orphan asylum, and old people's home and two hospitals. All the rest of the vast estate, reaching beyond a hundred million dollars, was given to personal friends and family relations, most of which eventually will revert to the central estate which is to fall into the hands of the two male grandchildren in the hope that they will perpetuate the name, fame and business pre-eminence of the great mercantile establishment.

Quite aside from the question as to the real ownership of an estate, accumulated by means of a conjunction of many forces of many lives quite beyond and outside of any one "captain of industry" however astute, there remains the simpler question of kindness to the poor little boys now but eleven and thirteen years of age, already orphaned of father and grandfather, one of them at least threatened with a life-long invalidism,—is it kind to doom them to this awful responsibility, expose the little orphans to the painful complications, temptations and the subtle schemings of designing ones?

It is rumored that the great merchant himself had come to see the need of revising the will and was considering other claims and claimants, but lo! the final summons came, as it is wont to come, at an unexpected moment, and the opportunity of displaying the last qualification of a great financier was lost,—that of liberating his millions, administrating the estate in a way becoming a great trustee, recognizing the source of his wealth and the obligation which he in common with all husbandmen owe to the Lord of the Harvest.

Chicago will not suffer for want of expert merchants. Whether the old house is to retain its proud pre-eminence until these little boys come into possession thirty or more years hence remains to be seen. In this direction Chicago and the Mississippi valley will be served, if not by this, then by another or many another establishment. But it is a matter of public interest and social well-being that the heirs and administrators of this vast wealth should rise to their solemn responsibility and be worthy of the high trusteeship entrusted to them.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

The Columbian Exposition and the Parliament of Religion were the most notable world events in the closing years of the greatest of all centuries. The Exposition showed on a far larger scale than ever before the wonders of the industrial world; and for the first time in history, all the great religions of the world were brought face to face in the Parliament. The call had come forth from the newer Occident to the older Orient; it had the hearty approval of the managers of the Exposition, but the conception and initiative were from the great soul of a great lawyer, the late Judge Bonney, of the Swedenborgian Church; and the late large-hearted Dr. Barrows, of the Presbyterian Church, was wisely made president.

Meeting as strangers, the many delegates—Brahmins, Buddhists, Confucians, Zoroastrians, Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, all soon felt the larger life of the One religion of love to man and God, and all gladly joined in the Lord's Prayer in opening the many sessions. And as the days and weeks passed, the interest increased and there were often great hours when a Divine power was consciously felt by all. In the call for the Parliament nothing was said, nor had any plan been suggested in the meetings, looking to anything beyond the present session. The feeling seemed to be, and not without reason, that it was too large to be repeated and better to be left standing alone in its greatness. But there was with many a deep feeling that in some form the spirit of the Parliament should be conserved and its work carried forward; and a number of meetings looking to this end were held by the local and visiting clergymen, Jewish and Christian. The matter was left to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch and myself to call a public meeting in the near autumn if we thought a larger work seemed possible. Dr. Hirsch opened the Sinai Temple. The meeting was called, a program prepared and from the first night the Temple was crowded and the interest was great. The one statement or Article of Faith, if such it be called, was accepted and the officers chosen. The name adopted was: "The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies."

The next year the late Rev. Dr. Momeril, of London, was with us and asked, "Why say 'American Congress'? We want you to come to England. And why say 'Liberal Religion'? Say 'Liberal Congress'." We gladly accepted these suggestions and some years later, at the annual meeting in Boston, the word "Liberal" was dropped. In the twelve years the Congress has held eleven annual sessions, reaching all the way from Boston to Los Angeles; and five great Congresses were held in California, Oregon and Washington in 1902, beside many in Chicago and other cities in previous years. The last annual meeting was held in May, 1905, at the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. At this session plans were perfected for entering upon the work in a larger way. Rev. C. A. Osborne—cultured, able, earnest, large souled and hopeful—was appointed field secretary. He will relieve the general secretary of much labor done in the past and will give his entire time to the Congress. It was decided wherever practicable to organize State Congresses. These will have their own officers, hold their own annual meetings and send delegates to the parent Congress, thus bringing the whole country into closer fraternal and working relations. And to this very large undertaking, my own time shall be gladly and gratuitously given.

It may be asked, "What is the ground, the reason, the need, the practical utility and hope of such a large movement?" It is not to interfere in any way with the autonomy of any existing churches. The Congress of Religion gladly recognizes the good in all and the rights of each to its special beliefs and forms of worship. These many differences are largely inheritances from the past, reactions of the individual reason and conscience against the assumed authority of the hierarchical churches in imposing forms of faith and ceremonials and they have been emphasized by sectarian or denominational contentions! The Congress of Religion seeks to accentuate the things that unite mankind, to emphasize the great agreements, not upon the questions of theological debate, but upon the deeper facts of a common religious consciousness, the intuitions of the moral need and cry of the soul for God. Looking out upon the many churches, Jew, Christian, Greek, Catholic, Protestant, it can hardly seem probable that any one of these can absorb all the others. The fraternal clergy and churches will not go to the hierarchical nor will any of the denominations become universal. It does seem, however, that the denominational divisions within themselves should come together so that there would be one Methodist Church, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, and not a dozen or more of each. Believing in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the Congress of Religion seeks to unite all, Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, in the great law of life and love.

Another strange and pathetic fact of our country is that with all our many churches, half the people are outside of all, have no church home. And very many of these in every community are among the most intelligent, moral and highly respected. They are not opposed to, but are the friends of religion and would gladly belong to a church but do not care to join any one in particular and in so far to be separated from all the others. For all of these, the Congress of Religion feels a most friendly and brotherly interest and would welcome them to a fellowship large as the heart of humanity and boundless as the Infinite love. Rising above the things that separate, the Congress of Religion looks to the universals that unite and says to each one, "Believe and do what you think is true and right." The Congress seeks along these broader lines to reach and interest the increasingly large numbers in our time to whom religion seems to make little appeal. Not opposition but indifference is the more difficult problem of these years. Back of and beneath this is not denial but the subtle agnosticism that assumes that the great questions of the soul and God lie beyond the known or the knowable. Back of this again, are the near appeals of a sense existence and the wonderful facts of the material and from these the hasty conclusion that matter is all; mind, spirit, is not. And in this is the explanation not only of religious indifference, but also of the magnified and intensified forms of the struggle for material gains and the pride and power of great wealth. Nor should it be thought strange that with only the sense vision of life there should be moral decline, falling away from the high ideals of the great virtues. Without the soul vision of the Divine and a sense of responsibility to the eternal right, man drops down to the lower plane of an earthly existence. With the consciousness of the higher, that he is related to the moral order of the good, man rises to that nobler state of being. He has not alone a sense existence, but a Divine life.

The Congress of Religion recognizes fully the places and values of the great industrial, economic and political world, but not as an end in themselves. The whole social order is a means to a higher end and that is the making of man. The inventions of the last century have augmented a hundred fold the power to do, and in this all should rejoice. It makes easily possible the vastly larger and higher life of the millions of earth's children. There should be no such thing as enforced poverty. No child should grow up in ignorance. Industrial education, equipment of schools and colleges with fields and shops, should make labor a delight and all abundantly self supporting. World peace should end the horrors and waste of war; and in the great agreements, virtues and life of religion should be seen. "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"; and should be fulfilled the prayer of the Christ, "that they may all be one." But the new conditions of larger power to do have made possible the larger powers of the strong to oppress the weak. The great industries are centralizing in vast corporations and trusts that are trying not alone to monopolize labor, but to control legislation. It should be gladly admitted that the minds of large acquisition and executive ability have hastened the development and enlarged the wealth of our country and the world and that they should share generously in the results. But justice must be universal. The rights of the many must not be sacrificed to the ambitions and greed of the few. The Congress of Religion is non-political in the party sense, it is non-sectarian in religion; but it is All-political and All-religious in the great truths and principles of the rights of man, right relations in the social order and the life of God in the soul, the morally grand in the qualities that make all life Divine.

The larger life can come only from the larger thinking. The sense vision that sees only the things of sense is shut up in its own little world of the material and limited to the few years of an earthly existence. To the larger spiritual vision all this wonderful scene of physical activities, pleasures and pains, labor, business, the home, the school, the church, the government, should be objectivized and transactionized forms of righteousness; right thinking, feeling, willing and doing, man the friend and helper of man. These qualities of the good exalt man to the nobler life of being and relate him to the Infinite and the forever; for God is truth, justice, love. The world is for man, not man for the world. Business is for man, not man for business. A nation cannot rise above its ideals. The Congress of Religion recognizes the different forms of faith and organization of the churches that have come down from the past. It gladly recognizes the good in each and all

and does not assume to be the judge of any. But it does desire to accentuate the fact that religion, the life, the Divine in man, is the central and essential fact in all the churches and that all should be brothers in the One great religion of love.

The beliefs and hopes of religion are too many and large to be claimed or monopolized by any one church. And the Congress of Religion can but regret that the recent Federation of Churches called orthodox was not large enough in its catholicity to welcome the Liberal churches. It is not wise to try to bind the beliefs of the past upon the present. There must be room for the growth of religious ideas. Truth is and must be its own authority. The rights of the individual reason and conscience must be sacred. To truthful minds there is coming everywhere the larger world-consciousness of the universal, of the essential, rational and moral unity of all the races of mankind. There is arising the world conscience of the universal rights and duties of nations, of world citizenship, of man to man and in all the relations of the social order. And all this will find its higher meaning and joy in the Divine Fatherhood and Brotherhood. The Congress of Religion welcomes and will gladly work with the lovers of the true and the good in all the churches and outside of all, for the universal religion, the government of the free, the brotherhood of the world. REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D. D.,
De Funiak Springs, Fla.

RELIGION NOT DENOMINATIONAL.

You may devote a church to the enduring life of religion, which persists through changing theologies, or to a given theology, with such religion as in its day it can manage to hold. But you cannot combine both methods, since the trustful piety of the former consists in renouncing the comfortable securities of the latter. My own allegiance is unreservedly given to the former. With a "Unitarian Church" I can have nothing to do any more than with a Universalist Church, of a Free-Will Church, or a Church of the Spirit, or a Church of Immortality. In the doctrines denoted by these several phrases I profoundly believe. But to set up any or all of them as conditions of an organization for worship and holy living would be only to narrow the kingdom of God by the by-laws of intellectual egotism.—*James Martineau.*

A Cloud

Far off, where earth is dim and strange,
And frayed at edge,
An out-stretched pinion, wide of range,
Lifts o'er the ledge.

A wing of cloud which seems to press
Reluctant light
With soft, persistent tenderness
Back from the night.

How firm the outline, true the curve,
And fine the poise!
Instinct with life, it could not swerve
Life's high employs.

Yet soft as down its purple tints
Lap into pearl;
Its silvery-golden lining hints
The sunbeams' swirl.

Faint blue pales from the sky in joy,
Keen-edged to pain
That this exquisiteness to buoy
Must pass again.

But 'neath the out-stretched pinion, here,
Is Care's release,
In token of a presence near—
God's angel, Peace.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—*Dean Farrar.*

All history, all experience, goes to prove that in the long run enjoyment is not diminished, lives are not marred by thought, but by the want of thought.—*A. W. Momerie.*

THE PULPIT

The Man of Music Hall

A REMINISCENCE OF DAVID SWING.

By REV. JOSEPH NEWTON, of Dixon, Ill.

It was in 1894, and a party from the south were in Chicago for the first time. Sunday came and some one suggested that we go to Central Music Hall and hear Chicago's great preacher—for in those days David Swing was to the Lake-City what Beecher in his day was to Brooklyn, and Phillips Brooks to Boston. And so to Music Hall we wended our way.

Central Music Hall was a famous building. When it was opened in 1880 it was the pride of the city, the finest auditorium in the West, at once a temple and a civic forum, and as such its story was interwoven with the history of the new and greater Chicago. But it was built primarily as a platform for David Swing—that refined, cosmopolitan soul who came to the uprising metropolis prophesying of a Christianity which is also a civilization. For the seer, the scholar, the dreamer, has his part in the making of a city.

We entered the hall as the first hymn was being sung. Oh, that singing—three thousand voices singing "Rock of Ages." The grand old words swayed to and fro with powerful emotion, swept round their rythmical empire, paused a moment as if in prayer, and then soared aloft to him who is the refuge from the storms of life. The audience held together with almost perfect time and sang as one man "whose voice was as the sound of many waters." It was unforgetable.

On the platform we saw a quiet, unassuming man of medium height, with smooth face, friendly eyes, well-molded forehead, and heavy jaws—that was the famous preacher. The first impression was not very prepossessing. He did not stand erect, but half leaned upon the desk and read the Bible in subdued and measured tones. It was a dreamy, drawling voice, full of strange stops, not a little annoying at first. Clearly, he lacked all the graces and arts of an orator. He began his sermon—which he read—slowly and in a voice so low that at times it was hard to hear him, but as he moved along the volume of tones increased until in the climaxes of thought it rang out like a trumpet. His gestures were few, quite awkward, and nearly always with the left hand. The more tender passages were preceded by a lifting of the chin which seemed, somehow, to add to their power. It was a strange oratory. But it was oratory, and we had not listened long before we ceased to be critics.

There was a singular fascination about the man and his unique eloquence. We began to understand how men of all faiths, and men of no faith, were drawn and held by the spell of his speech. He had in high degree that nameless quality which, like magic, gives to some men and women an unexplained power and ascendency over their fellows; every word seemed a new truth, every gesture an event. No one can tell in what this mystic charm consists.

Exquisite was the word to describe the sermon. Touch was added to touch, beauty to beauty; every one was right, and it seemed as if all were done so easily. The flowers of his thought toiled not neither did they spin. The brilliancy of his mind was astonishing. Fascinatingly philosophical, deliciously poetical, in almost every paragraph there flashed out an epigram of purest ray, and the whole was irradiated by dainty wit and a sweet, subtle, half-pathetic humor. A certain dignity and calmness made itself felt, as of

a man who had an unshaken faith in the truth, and in the certainty of its triumph. The style fitted the thought, and was indeed full of grace and charm and all manner of felicitous linkings of figure and idea—a style very like that of Addison.

It was a new kind of preaching. There was no rattling of logic, no air of dogmatism, no effort to force upon us any private scheme of the universe. Above all, there was none of that flowery emptiness which is so often the besetting sin of the poet-preacher. His one aim seemed to be to lift the men of Chicago, and the strangers within her gates, out of the mire of materialism into the higher air of God; to refine and exalt their lives; to turn them from the glitter and pageant of life to homage for truth, beauty, and character. And especially were we captivated by the simple, tender earnestness of the man, a kind of implied friendship between him and us, and an implied aspiration in his heart and in ours toward a common and high ideal. All he wanted to do was to lead us to a higher point of view, to a richer outlook upon life.

The spirit of the man, the quality of his thought, his attitude toward life, impressed us deeply. He was a man who saw things in the large. He cared for only those heavenly truths which overarch all sects, and that life of the spirit which underlies all creeds. His temper of mind was catholic, tolerant, and charitable. His view of life was pensive, that of a brave sweet smiling sadness—the outlook of one whom experience had taken below the surface of things, some way down into the mystery and sorrow of the years. His mood was delicately poised between sadness and mirth—sweet, rich, and tender; and it was sometimes hard to say whether it was "humor just ready to sadden into pathos or pathos about to gleam into humor"—a mingled joy that life is so fair and full of beauty, and regret that it is "pent up in the kingdoms of Pity and Death." No one saw the ill, the sin, the woe of earth more clearly, or felt it more keenly, than he. And yet he had optimism. He believed in the future, in the coming of a better civilization, in the increase of kindness and justice among men. And he had the "patience of hope."

Was David Swing orthodox? Of course not. No man is. We see through a glass darkly. He was one of those whose

> "faith hath center everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself in form."

II.

The next day we made our way to No. 66 Lake Shore Drive, to call on Prof. Swing. We wanted to meet the man who had moved us as almost no other man had ever moved us. We wanted to see the thinker in his negligee. It was a spacious and beautiful home. We were ushered into the library—a great, light, long room, full of books and beauty—where the master of the house sat looking out over the gray lake. Asked about his health, he assured us that nothing was wrong:

"Nothing but a liver complaint. And that," he added, his eyes twinkling, "is not local."

A nearer view showed us that was in truth a homely man. In stature he was rather short. The head was large, square and nobly shaped; the hair was gray and worn quite long; the eyes hazel; the nose not large, but slightly Roman. The lips were thick, the face rugged, and the chin unusually large. It was the face of a man of great nobility of intellect—and, if we read the lines aright, it was the face of a man whose boyhood days were not happy. But the great face lighted up like an aurora as he spoke, and we forgot its irregular features.

As a companion he was genial, witty and wise. His talk was a miracle of multi-colored impressions, uniting the quaint and homely with the higher truths of culture. Now and again it dropped into provincialisms—reminiscences of the days when he was a farmer boy in the valley of the Ohio. He was a good mimic, and his fund of stories was inexhaustible.

One of the party asked him to show us his library. It was a large library, and it was emphatically a library for use—

"Why, it is only a reference library," he said. "Just the books that I have felt obliged to have, you know, for I have never been able to afford myself the luxury of buying books for the pure love of them."

And yet as he was saying that he took down a rare set of works which fitted into an artistic niche flanking a soft divan showered with silken pillows. He drew it down lovingly and opened it with a touch very like a caress. It was indeed a superb exposition of Japanese chromolithography. From page to page the process was indicated—the first few wavy outlines, the fillings in, the rich, smooth color, and afterward its fret-work of ornamentation, until the twenty-second impression was reached and perfection was attained. He had a number of these works on the art of Japan.

Six old books of travel dated 1703-4 were among his treasures. They contained the diary of a slaver on his voyages from Liverpool to South Africa and back again; accounts of how the slaves were found and captured; how many of them jumped into the sea, choosing death rather than be torn from their homes; how they were herded together in the ship, and were full of woe and lamentation. After a few days they would brighten up and sing their strange, melancholy songs. And as the weird melody floated out over the sea the captain soliloquized and wondered why the black man should not have the same rights as the white man.

By this time we had reached the book-case full of classic authors. Homer, Plato, Xenophon, Livy, Pliny, and the rest, looked gravely down upon us from the shelves in a garb that told of use more than of ornament. It was a complete classical library—for its owner was one of the most accomplished classicists in the land. It was his habit, so he told us, to read a few pages in the original language each day. Clearly, this was his favorite corner of the room.

"Does it ever seem to you," he asked, whimsically, "that the same sun could not have shone on these old people so many years ago? It does to me. I cannot, somehow, adjust myself to thinking that they lived in just the same world as we do, and that it could have possibly have been the same appearing. It is only when I read of such an incident as Pliny writing verses, and his wife setting them to music and singing them to him when he came home at night, that I can make myself understand that these people really existed and enjoyed themselves and suffered, even as we do."

Some one asked him if he did not think Homer full of needless and tiresome repetitions. Jupiter is always cloud-compelling Jupiter; the dawn is always the rosy-finger dawn.

"Yes," he said, "Homer wrote in the infancy of the nations, and today our children delight in repetitions. Take the 'House that Jack Built'! Do our children ever object to the eternal return of the rat that ate the malt, or the cow with a crumpled horn? To be sure we might avoid this and say: This is the cat which ate the rat, to which allusion has been made, or,

this is the dog which killed the cat, of which mention has occurred earlier in our narrative, or this is the maiden all forlorn, concerning whom our readers will recall her marriage by the priest all shaven and shorn. But will these modernizations dethrone from its honored and secure position the delightful old-time legend of the 'House that Jack Built'?"

A young minister remarked the small number of books of theology in the library.

"You see it was this way," he replied. "When I was a lad they gave me strong meat when I should have had milk of the gospel. The only theological book we had in our home, except the Bible—if that be a theological book—was the 'Institutes of John Calvin.' Rather large reading for a boy. But I waded through it, and it gave me such a dislike for theology that I have not been a theologian since. I have found that a writer who hasn't sufficient genius to fill his pages with light and warmth and beauty, lacks the insight needed to tell us much about religion. I prefer the insight of Browning to the logic of Calvin."

We were still standing in the corner with the classic writers. He seemed to feel a kinship with Esop, and Solon, and stout old Socrates; perhaps, because they were—the great ones—so wise, so sane, so full of peace. He was indeed a Greek philosopher in a Christian pulpit. He was still looking at the young minister, when he said, very slowly:—

"And I love the Greeks. It was not far from Attica to Judea—a short sail over soft seas; not far from Parnassus to Olivet. It was only a step from Plato to Paul; only a step from choral ode or fiery Philippic to the parable and the sermons by the lake."

The library was marked by variety. Law, religion, art, science, music, poetry—none failed or were overlooked. Deeply pious books were seen alongside volumes of Voltaire, Renan, and Paine. Histories abounded. A whole case was given up to British poets, and there were quite a number of French and Italian books, novels for the most part. He read these authors in the tongue wherein they were born. Dante was one of his favorites, almost a hobby.

"I learned Italian one summer in order to read Dante in the language he did so much to create," he said, modestly. "And my study was richly rewarded."

"Suppose, professor," he was asked, "you were sentenced to life-long imprisonment, and were, by some relenting touch upon the spirit of your judge, allowed to select, say, half a dozen books to amuse you for life, what volumes would you select?"

He drew his hand across his chin thoughtfully, but did not immediately answer, and the questioner went on:

"I suppose two out of the half dozen would be the Bible and Shakespeare in the choice of every one. And then, for my part, I should add Omar Khayyam, but after that so many books crowd one. It is hard to make the list."

Swing smiled slowly, and said: "If I were condemned to lead the life of a Selkirk for the remainder of my days and could have but half dozen books wherewith to solace myself, I think I should not choose either Shakespeare or the Bible."

The questioner stared: "Because you know them both so well?"

He nodded. "I think I should take instead some modern books—some histories, some good romances, Eber's novels, perhaps, something which was in touch with the beautiful world as I left it. And, if I were going to purchase a barrel organ—an instrument I myself can play, since it works simply with a crank—I should choose three sets, the Largo, Schubert's serenade and Beethoven's sonatas, and then I should not care about any more or any other. These are my three musical fads. I can listen to this music over and over, and never tire. And the rest—why, the rest does not matter."

"Talking of favorite books," he continued, reaching up for a thin, green-bound volume on a high shelf, "I think you said you'd choose Omar Khayyam. Does it not have a depressing influence upon you? No? Well, I thought it inevitable. When I was a boy I knew Gray's Elegy by heart, and used to go around quoting it to myself, but I had to give it up—to keep myself away from it. It drew me into a world of shadows, and I needed to walk forth in the sunlight among living men and women. But about Omar's 'Rubiayat'—do you think Fitzgerald caught the exact Persian flavor? You do, eh? Well, so do I. Oh, this wonderfully bold verse."

He adjusted his glasses and read in his peculiar vibrant tones—

> "Open then the door!
> You know how little while we have to stay,
> And, once departed, may return no more."

"May return no more," he repeated dreamily, and then opening upon the last quatrain, recited rather than read:

> "And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
> Among the Guests Star—scattered on the Grass,
> And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
> Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass."

"Ah," he said, with a strange tenderness in his voice, as he looked unseeingly through the long, lovely room where was spread the feast he so greatly enjoyed—"Turn down an empty glass."

And then a merry party burst into the room, radiant and in high spirits, and ready for the usual Monday game of whist.

III.

We never saw him again. David Swing died in the autumn of the same year. We were in Chicago again the following winter, but it did not seem like the same place. Something rare and fine had gone out of the world.

"Swing is gone," said a great banker. "This is a lonesome town now. I don't know what I will do. I am an unbeliever, irreligious, a hard kind of man, but I never missed my place in Music Hall. He got hold of me, and made me want to be good, and I came to look for Sunday and Swing's discourses as a thirsty traveler looks for a refreshing spring along the dusty road."

And to this day there are many to whom the world has never been quite the same since his going. He was a great preacher, first of all, because he was a man, full, rounded, and complete—a big, wise, tender, sweet-souled man. He was one of those men who are made to be loved, as if to satisfy the worshipful instinct of their fellows.

He was a man of simple things and simple ways. He cared little for the glitter and show of life. A rather fashionable friend twitted him one day on the cut and fit of his coat, which was indeed open to criticism.

"Go to my tailor," said the friend, "he will set you up in good form."

"No, I think I better not," answered Swing. "There is an old German who has made my clothes for many years. I don't suppose they do have style, but if I should transfer my patronage from the old man it would hurt his feelings deeply. And I would not enjoy the new garments."

And this kindness toward all that wore the familiar human shape, he extended to those below him in the scale of being. If the driver lashed the horse, he would stop, get out, pay his fare, and walk the rest of the way. In later years he left off fishing, because he could not take the sweet breath of life from the lowest breathing thing.

Modest and shy with strangers, in the warm, free air of intimate friendship his gift for fun took the form of a rollicking prankishness. A young poet sent him a poem entitled "The Weird," explaining that if the lines were read in a dim light and with a certain intonation "the weird" would appear. To see Swing turn down the lights and read that piece, waiting for "the weird" to come forth, were enough to make a wooden man laugh. And yet if the young writer had come to David Swing with his poem, he would never have had cause to feel sad. Swing was too kind to be a critic.

He preached every Sunday morning in Music Hall. They were not sermons; they were little essays on the higher human life. Many volumes of them were published and widely read. In the summer he retired to his country home on Lake Geneva, Wis., where he dressed like a farmer, cultivated his garden, and lived in an atmosphere of poetry and philosophy. Such was the quiet order of a life in which thoughts were the true events.

More than ten years—years of prodigal and multitudinous event—have come and gone since this gracious figure disappeared from mortal vision. Many changes have been wrought by the passing of time. Music Hall has vanished. A generation has arisen in Chicago to whom we must describe that wonderful man whose throne it was. But when some of us think of the city by the Lake, we think of it as the home of David Swing—poet, preacher, philosopher, and friend.

Prayer and the Man of Today

An Address by Rev. A. G. Beach, Minister Congregational Church, Ypsilanti, Mich.

In thinking about prayer it readily occurs to us that there are three things that determine it for everyone.

These three are the idea of God, the idea of the world, and the idea of man himself.

Do we think of God as capricious, a sovereign but not moving within the realm of law,—then prayer becomes the act of a diplomat; the prudent man will pray. Do we look upon God as law-abiding, a just judge, a moral personage, an expression of the conscience of the universe, then our prayer becomes, like the 51st Psalm, an agony of Confession, a self-prostration, a plea for pardon. Do we think of God as Jesus thought of Him, a Father, a breaking heart of love, then our prayers become, as were those of Jesus, a realization of Tennyson's conception:

> "And what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inner deeps
> When one that loves but knows not, reaps
> A truth from one that loves and knows."

And we might add, not merely reaps a truth, but receives moral and spiritual nourishment and joy. Do we think of God as outside his world, accessible only through some chosen medium, then our prayers become a studied effort to secure the ear of the far away God. But do we think of God as *in* his world, "not far from every one of us," then our prayers become intimate, simple, on the plain of reality.

A similar influence is exerted on our prayers by our thought of the world we live in. Is the world to us a chaos, a mass of unrelated things, no proper universe,—then our prayers are a plea for the partial or special accommodation of facts and forces to our special needs; that axes may swim, the sun stand still till our special use of it is ended, that rivers be parted and seas divided and that clouds discharge rain where *we* require rain. But if the world is to us a real universe, an everlasting and coherent world-order, a perfect mechanism of inter-relations, then our prayers are made with reference to this universe and its order and its God.

Finally, we are influenced in our prayers by the way in which we think of a man himself. Do we think of him as alone, an end in himself, unrelated to the rest of humanity, and therefore at liberty to proceed without regard to the welfare of the rest of the race, then our prayers will be again the *special* plea in war, in business, in all one's personal affairs. We pray to enlist on our side a superhuman ally in the hard struggle for existence. But do we think of a man as a member of society, living in a social-order which is just as real as the world-order, so that "no man liveth unto himself," then our prayers will be altered in their aim and method.

Now the man of today accepts the notion of God as imminent, indwelling, and as to his character that he is "our Father." God is for him within the world; in nature as the "invisible, eternal energy from which all things proceed," so that the ways of nature are the ways of God; in the *social* order, the moulder of history, the author of social movements, the guiding influence in the evolution of art, industry, politics and culture, the maker of the social conscience; in the *individual person,* in every atom of him, in every molecular change whether physical, mental or moral, he is a person because God is in him, "working within both to will and perform."

The man of today thinks of the world as a universe, not as a clock set running, but as an organism with its life within it, of which the seasons, geological and stellar chemical changes, and survival of the fittest are all manifestations, and that life is God. The man of today, finally, thinks of himself as the temple of God, a part of the world-order and a citizen of a universal human solidarity. God is in him; God is in his natural environment; God is in his social environment.

Now, as I have already suggested, this modern reorganization of a man and his world must very radically affect his idea of prayer. It provides *three conditions* to which all prayers must conform, or *three perils* which all prayers must avoid.

A prayer must be *intelligent* in relation to nature; it must be *social,* that is, unselfish, in relation to society; it must be *moral* in relation to God and his world and his family of human beings. One must avoid all prayers that are unintelligent, immoral and unsocial or selfish.

We see, *e. g.,* that a prayer for what we call a *miracle* in nature does not conform to these conditions; that this is a prayer that is a plea for a change in the conditions of the natural environment as a prayer for rain. Such a prayer is *unintelligent,* because it fails to see that the laws and ways of nature are the laws and ways of God, and that nature in all its operations is the outworking of a divine energy whose conditions are not today or tomorrow or this man or that, but a wise beneficence that is ageless and touches all humanity. Such a prayer is also *unsocial* or *selfish,* for it fails to take into consideration the highest good of the greatest number. It is disobedient to the social obligation of losing one's self

in the social whole. Such a prayer is, finally, *immoral* in that it is selfish as already seen, and is an attempt to get a desired result in other than the divinely ordained way. Its sin is disobedience, the unwillingness to take one's place in the line and await one's turn.

In other words the relation of a rational man of today to the phenomenon of rain or water must be that of scientific rainmaking or irrigation, or else that of personal or economic adjustment to the amount of water that condenses from the clouds under normal conditions.

What is true about prayer for a miraculous and special operation in nature may also be said about our prayers that have to do with the economic and social facts of our environment. We can't rightly try to summon God by prayer to change by the fiat of his will business competition that interferes with the success of our business; to head off a financial stringency that has been brought about by the working of social laws or to save us from the results of disregard of the laws of health. Prayer is no magic wand whose wielding in the face of the hard realities of things as they are will sweep them out of existence, and a prayer to alter these realities themselves for our benefit falls under the condemnation of intelligence as to the great social laws that operate yesterday, today and forever, those laws which are the laws of God; of *selfishness* in that one thereby makes himself the center of the social organization; of *immorality* in that it aims to reach the goal of life by the *elimination* of facts rather than by the use and transfiguration of facts under the notion of the divine law and way of human progress. It is clear, I think, that the effort to use prayer as a means to extricate ourselves from the operation of natural laws or special laws must be ruled out from the prayer-program of today.

So much for the negative view of prayer and its meaning and use for the modern man. What of the positive side? What is the right conception of prayer, if God is imminent and a man knows himself as a member of a universe of persons, and as an inhabitant of a world of things and forces whose explanation is God? The answer, in my judgment, is that prayer is *adjustment*. It is first of all *adjustment within*, the securing of one's place in his own universe. The aim is to make the life within a divine order, in which God shall be not merely potential energy but actually operating and regnant. In its ideal, the inner life is a perfect working-together with God, in one's thinking, in one's choosing and in one's emotional life. The action of one who is endeavoring to do this is prayer. By prayer one *organizes* his world within about his consciousness of the God who dwells there. By prayer one liberates the God who is imprisoned in every atom of his being, and his whole life in every activity of it becomes a co-operation with God. By prayer that greatest of all truths dawns in one's consciousness and that greatest of all possibilities becomes a reality "I am not alone for the Father is with me." We see thus that prayer so far as its relation to oneself is concerned loses none of its potency in the transformation it undergoes at the hands of modern thinking. It is a subtle alchemy that produces the most remarkable results. We think of Jesus as the ideal exhibition of the effects of prayer. What Jesus was as a moral and spiritual organism, the serene and elevated equipoise of his consciousness—this is the product of the organizing influence of the prayer-relation. With Jesus prayer was not a means of summoning a legion of angels to rescue him from the hard reality of Gethsemane; it was rather a means of producing in himself that state of soul out of which could come the utterance, "Thy will not mine be done." Prayer was with Jesus a force operating in the structure of his soul.

If this is the relation of prayer to the life within we see readily what the relation of prayer is to the *natural* order and to the *social* order. Prayer influences nature through the alteration it produces in the person who prays. Its relation is not direct but indirect. It adjusts the person to his world; it puts him in the attitude of intelligent understanding of nature, of co-operation with nature, of mastery over nature, or of submission to nature; it makes him a worker in nature to bring about effects. Having reorganized his own world within, he projects that world out into the world of nature. It is evident that under this view prayer is still a force operating in relation to nature, not by directly causing suns to stand still, shadows on dials to move backward, or clouds to appear and condense rain upon desired localities, but *mediately*, just as one who wants a rose does not try to make a rose directly but plants a seed. Prayer works effects as knowledge works them. Knowledge alters things by altering men. Knowledge makes men wise, and wise men discover the method of irrigation, and irrigation makes the desert blossom as the rose. It is so with prayer. We do not pray and expect our prayer to move directly out upon nature, and smite rocks out of which springs gush, but if God is light and help and if he is really within, then the man who lives in the prayer-relation moves out upon nature in wise co-operation with God and understanding of nature's laws, and joins the army of those who reverence nature and love her and help to make her more fully a part of the universal kingdom of God. When we turn to the relation of prayer to the *social* order, we find, I think, precisely the same condition. Our prayers bring about results not directly but indirectly. Education or knowledge is again a parallel. The educated ordered brain is a tremendous force when it is let loose in society. Similarly the soul that is living in the prayer-relation to God is a mighty alterative agency in the world of men. The example of Jesus is sufficient illustration and proof of this proposition.

The will that moves out into human relations in conscious oneness with the will of God, is the will that transforms human relations. The emotional life that mingles with the world's complex of joy and pain and enthusiasm and despair and justice and injustice in vital union with heart of God is the emotional energy that touches and heals and makes alive. The thought that enters into intellectual relations with the ideas and facts of life in union with the thought of God will everywhere illumine and liberate and uplift. It is the unique reality of this oneness in heart and will and mind of a man with the heart and will and mind of God that explains and justifies the assertions of the first interpreters of Jesus that he is in an ideal sense *the* light, *the* life, *the* power unto Salvation in the midst of the world of the actual. We shall probably never get any further in our probing into the depths of Jesus' remarkable spiritual and moral vitality, and vitalizing potency for other lives, than when we say a mind, a heart, a will in ideally successful union with that mind and heart and will we call God. And this union is prayer, prayer at its highest. Now the problem of a human life is to get into conscious connection with God. This is the secret of peace and poise and power. The problem of the social order is to get the largest number of persons into that connection, and thus to get the benefit of the liberation of their power into the social machinery. There are many agencies that help in bringing about this result, but chief among them is prayer.

My conclusion then is that Prayer is an unparalleled force. It is as great a force as ever prophet or Saul regarded it. But this force does not operate as many a prophet and saint have thought. It does not supersede the ordinary processes of the life of the mind. It is not a short-cut to information or wisdom; it will not take the place of mental exertion, or moral struggle; it is rather the mind and heart and will at their highest and best. It means that they are operating under the true hypothesis of life. Prayer as a force operates *through* the brain, the heart, and the will. Its primary effect is upon the man who prays. It is a man-maker. It tends to make sons of God. And so far as it has any free-relation to nature and the mechanism of human life, it has it through the alteration it makes in the man. Does it work miracles? Yes. Not miracles of effects without work or means, but miracles of character, of wills that are set in the highest tension of resistance to evil, of men who speak messages and transform social and industrial conditions, miracles whose relation to space and time and the actual is not that of a sun standing still, and a granite rock smitten and water bursting from it, and an inexplicable descent of dew or rain, but a soul-attitude that transfigures space and time and the actual. Prayer yields an interpretation of things as they are. Prayer *helps* to *make* us *help* to *make things as they ought to be.*

I believe, for myself, that the writers of the Bible are essentially right in their *feeling* about prayer. They had the pith of the matter, but their notion of the *how* of it, the way of its working, partook of the scientific and philosophic crudeness of the times. We shall ever go to the Bible for the great inspirational words about prayer and the examples of the prayer life, but in each age the definition of prayer must be newly given.

I believe, as well, that one of the vital needs of today is to reinterpret prayer and to show the man who is really in earnest in the aim and passion of his life but who because his mind is in the grip of modern ways of thinking cannot pray the prayer of his mother, that still it is true "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Leaders of religious thought today have many great and noble tasks, and among these tasks none calls for a more real anointing, and none is more needful than that of opening again to the man of today *the way of Prayer.*

THE LESSON

It is not often so,
  That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
  That it was not quite "by heart."
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
  That lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by His side
  Till the page is really known;
It may be we failed because we tried
  To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
  One lesson of love,—
For He knows the loss,—can we refuse?

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

The absolute justice of the system of things is as clear to me as any scientific fact. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun.—*T. H. Huxley.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Marshall Field. The death of Marshall Field called forth comments on every hand upon his business success as a triumph for old-fashioned methods of strict integrity in commercial life. The tying up of his great estate in the hands of trustees for the benefit of his family seems to us regrettable. Such trusts are as nearly soulless as anything on earth. At the same time what the world stands in need of today is not so much benefactions as business integrity, and of that Mr. Field has been a splendid example.

The Rate Bill. The lower house of Congress has agreed upon a rate regulation bill, all parties and factions joining hands to support the President. What may be the issue of the struggle with corporate interests in the Senate, remains yet to be seen.

Statehood. The admission of the four remaining territories as two states, Arizona and Oklahoma, seems now to be inevitable. The chief consolation is that it will apparently bring us to the end of the miserable business of admitting rotten boroughs to equal representation with great commonwealths in the Senate.

Standard Oil. We note these developments in the Standard Oil history of the week: A vigorous protest to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the independent dealers in Kansas, complaining that the railroads arbitrarily raise their rates at the state line so as to make it impossible for Kansas dealers to do business outside of their own state. The Missouri inquiry is now shifted to Cleveland, where Mr. Hadley has found a star witness in a former employé of the Standard, who testifies to organization of the Republic Oil Company by the Standard as a dummy competitor, fraud and forgery being alleged. It now looks as if the year 1906 would witness the complete exposure and legal proof of the iniquities charged against the Standard Oil Company. Incidentally we note that a million and a half more of Mr. Rockefeller's money goes to his university in Chicago.

The Chicago Traction Situation. The sudden defection of a group of Chicago aldermen has changed the franchise majority into a minority, and opened the way for a mandatory referendum on the question of municipal ownership at the April election. The particular group which made this change of base is composed of the few survivors of the "gray wolves" of unsavory memory. In the hour of need the traction companies will probably be able to induce them to return to their aid. For the present there is a lull in the combat, and all hands are awaiting the spring election, which will be one of the most momentous in the history of Chicago. Then it will appear whether the people who voted for municipal ownership on the advisory referendum of a year ago were really in earnest or were moved only by a spasm of wrath at the traction companies. It is exceedingly desirable that the question should be submitted to the voters in such a way as to decide the matter definitely and effectively one way or the other.

A Graft Exposure in Chicago. The sensation of the week in Chicago has been the exposure through the Citizens' Association of extensive embezzlements in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court during the incumbency of Mr. John A. Linn, a Republican politician, who now holds the clerkship of the Circuit Court. An indictment is being ordered by the grand jury, and there is a general impression that his guilt is overwhelmingly established. Charge it up to party politics, and to the American practice of regarding such clerkships as so much political patronage to be dispensed to men who will be useful to the organization.

"Town Topics." The suit for libel brought by *Town Topics* against the editor of *Collier's Weekly* is proving a boomerang. Mr. Jerome conducted the prosecution with evident sympathy for the defense, and a verdict "not guilty" was promptly returned. The publicity given to the testimony will do more than any number of articles in *Collier's* to make it a disgrace to any family to have a copy of *Town Topics* on its table. It is a journal composed almost entirely of personal gossip, largely catering to the class of people whose habits have been so strikingly portrayed in "The

House of Mirth." We do not think the stock of the magazine known as *Smart Set*, which is owned by the same people, will be worth so much as it was before this suit was brought.

Iroquois Manager to Be Tried. Full two years have elapsed since the Iroquois Theater fire, and the owner and manager of the theater is at last to be brought to trial before a jury on the charge of involuntary manslaughter. The law is very quick and summary with the poor, but exceeding slow in the case of those who have the money to pay for its delays.

Chicago's Gas Rate. Mayor Dunne's demand for seventy-five cent gas in Chicago seems likely to issue in action by the council reducing the rate from one dollar to eighty-five cents. The telephone company is now awaiting its turn.

A Sensation in the Packers' Trial. The question whether the packers are rendered immune from prosecution by pledges made to them by Commissioner Garfield is now being argued before a federal jury in Chicago. Secret service men discovered the fact that "Christmas presents" of cash, in one instance a present of $100, had been made by Judge George W. Brown, one of the counsel for the packers, to two newspaper reporters engaged in reporting the trial. One of them refused the gift, and the other accepted it. The man who accepted had been writing for the *Inter Ocean* accounts of the trial strongly colored on the side of the packers. As there appeared to be no law covering such a case, the facts were made public by order of the President. The *Inter Ocean* reporter was promptly discharged by his chief. The attorney is left in a decidedly embarrassing position, and in this case publicity is probably a sufficient punishment.

Wreck of the "Valencia." The papers have been full of harrowing accounts of the wreck of the coasting steamer "Valencia" on the rocks off Vancouver. Of the 168 persons on board only 40 were rescued. The captain, sailing for several days in thick weather by dead reckoning, had miscalculated his position.

High License for Chicago. The proposal that the expense in increasing the police force of Chicago be covered by raising the saloon license fee from $500 to $1,000, has struck a popular chord, and is receiving exceedingly favorable consideration from the city council. The voices heard in opposition are those of the saloon-keepers and the prohibitionists, but the tide of public opinion is strongly in favor of the plan.

W. B. T.

OMITTED FROM LAST WEEK

Funeral of Marshall Field The funeral of Marshall Field last Wednesday was in keeping with the simplicity of this man whose business integrity was as great as his wealth and power. State street closed its business houses from 12 to 1—the hour of the funeral—and men of large affairs joined in praise of the strong-minded, sagacious captain of industry, whom they styled the world's greatest merchant.

A Christian in Politics In the midst of all the daily reports of graft and greed, dishonesty and crime, it is refreshing to read of one man who is in political life and now Mayor of Jersey City, of whom Lincoln Steffens has praise and not blame to speak. According to the record just published in the January McClure's this man is not only living on the Golden Rule but is asserting that temptations flee away as he lifts his heart in prayer. Every day as he enters his office in the city hall he breathes a prayer for help and strength to resist evil and do the simple right. Mark M. Fagan, Mayor of Jersey City, is called the Christian in politics and seems to justify his title.

Graft in Kansas And now it is Kansas that finds a case of "graft" in the household of affairs. The treasurer of this State has just been found short $78,000 in his accounts. Still the record grows and the end is not yet.

State Treasurer Sent to Jail Henry Wulff, former Treasurer of the State of Illinois, has been sentenced by United States Judge Bethea to two years in jail for using the mails to defraud. There is frequently a revelation of the character of the United States Courts that justifies our faith in the processes of law.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—We talk too much of men who were born poor and died rich. More should be heard about the men who were born honest and died honest.

MON.—Generally speaking, the condition that has produced so much "graft" can be cured by the inculcation of a sense of personal responsibility.

TUES.—The accepted impersonality of capital must be shown to be a fiction.

WED.—The churches, schools, press and other agencies in doing for the better life must teach that we are our brother's keeper.

THURS.—A nation that feels its sense of honor outraged by the recent life insurance exposé is in a fair way to create a condition under which such misdeeds will be impossible.

FRI.—We have been paying too much attention to money in placing valuations on the lives of men.

SAT.—Judge Tuley was mourned by all who knew him, regardless of class, because he was rich in those sterling qualities that a father might hold out to his son as worthy of emulation.

—*Dr. E. G. Hirsch, in the Sunday Record-Herald.*

PRACTICING SONG.

Ri-tum tiddy-iddy, ri-tum-tum!
Here I must sit for an hour and strum:
Practicing is good for a good little girl,
*It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl.

Ri-tum tiddy-iddy, ri-tum-ti!
Bang on the low notes and twiddle on the high.
Whether it's a jig or the Dead March in Saul,
I sometimes often feel as if I didn't care at all.

Ri-tum tiddy-iddy, ri-tum-tee!
I don't mind the whole or the half-note, you see!
It's the sixteenth and the quarter that confuse my mother's daughter,
And the thirty-second, really, is too dreadful to be taught her.

Ri-tum tiddy-iddy, ri-tum-to!
I shall never, never, never learn the minor scale, I know.
It's gloomier and doomier than puppy dogs a-howling,
And what's the use of practicing such melancholy yowling?

But ri-tum tiddy-iddy, ri-tum-tum!
Still I work away with my drum, drum, drum.
For practicing is good for a good little girl:
It makes her nose straight and it makes her hair curl.

—*Laura E. Richards.*

*This is really not quite true, but it is hard to find reasons for practicing.

Franklin's Loaf of Bread

I shall be more particular of my first entry into that city [Philadelphia] that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being left to come around by sea. I was dirty from my journey, my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for a lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest. I was very hungry and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage who at first refused it on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread and inquiring where he got it I went immediately to the bakers he directed me to in

we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three penny loaf and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money and the great cheapness nor the names of his bread I bade him give me three pennies' worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity but took it and having no room in my pockets walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father and she, standing at the door saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way and coming round found myself again at Market Street Wharf near the boat I came in, to which I went for a drop of the river water and being filled with one of my rolls gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them and was thereby led into the great meeting house of the Quakers near the Market. I sat down among them Second street and asked for biscuit expecting such as and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so until the meeting broke when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in or slept in in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river and looking in the faces of people I met a young Quaker man whose countenance I liked and accosting him requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of The Three Mariners. He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water street. Here I got a dinner; and while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me as if it was to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness returned and being shown to a bed I lay down without undressing, and slept until six in the evening, was called to supper, went to bed again very early and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could and went to Andrew Bradford, the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen in New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer, and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do.—*From the Autobiography of Franklin as quoted in The Little Chronicle.*

Veracity is the heart of morality.—*T. H. Huxley.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis is happy in having successfully solved the serious problem created by the death of its beloved minister for twenty-four years, Rev. Henry M. Simmons, in the choice, as his successor, of Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, of Helena, Mont., and formerly of Humboldt, Iowa. Mr. Hodgin began his pastorate on the first Sunday of the new year, and in his opening sermon commended himself to his people in a way that promises a long and pleasant relation. He spoke of Mr. Simmons's pastorate as a cycle that had completed itself, and of his own coming as the beginning of a new period of life, whose history was yet to be written. Such relations as those of minister and people, he said, could not be made by force of contract, but must slowly grow up through invisible and intangible influences spreading from one to another through the years. The sermon made a strong impression, which has been confirmed on the Sundays since, so that there seems little doubt that Mr. Simmons's pulpit has found the right occupant, a man who is worthy to carry on its fine and high ministry of true spiritual culture. On Friday evening, January 26, a largely attended reception was given for Mr. Hodgin by the Woman's Club of the church. Some of his former parishioners in Humboldt who have removed to Minneapolis, are coming in to add their strength to his new work. The service of installation will be held on Sunday evening, February 11. The principal addresses will be made by Rev. Wilson M. Backus, of Chicago, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, and Rev. Richard W. Boynton, of Unity Church, St. Paul. Other speakers will be Rev. Henry B. Taylor, of St. Paul's Universalist Church, St. Paul, a classmate of Mr. Hodgin at Meadville, and a representative of the church yet to be chosen.

Foreign Notes.

THE JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU SOCIETY.—This new society, founded a little over a year ago at Geneva, and naturally having its headquarters there, though international in its membership, has just published the first volume of its annuals (*Annales de la Société Jean Jacques Rousseau*, 1905), a handsome volume of some three hundred pages. The frontispiece is a reproduction from a carbon print of the Ramsay portrait of Rousseau in the possession of the gallery at Edinburgh, due to the courtesy of Mr. Wendell P. Garrison, editor of the *Nation*.

The objects of the society as given in the by-laws are: (a) to promote and co-ordinate investigations concerning Jean Jacques Rousseau, his work and his epoch; (b) to publish a critical edition of his works.

To these ends it seeks to include in its membership such persons in every land as are interested in these objects.

It will also collect under the name of the Jean Jacques Rousseau Archives, manuscripts, printed matter, portraits, medals, souvenirs and documents of every kind relating to this author; and to this end gladly accepts gifts or loans.

It will interest itself also in the preservation of monuments, dwellings and localities recalling the memory of Rousseau.

It will publish a periodical collection of memoirs and documents and encourage the publication of other works bearing on its subject.

The annual membership fee is 12 francs, or the payment at any one time of 100 francs or more will make one a life member. Failure to pay dues for one year causes lapse of membership.

The annual meeting will be held in the spring at Geneva. Special meetings may be called at any time on demand of one-tenth of the membership.

Each member is entitled to a vote, which may be given by a proxy duly authorized in writing, but no member may cast more than three votes beside his own.

The affairs of the society are managed by an executive committee of from seven to eleven members elected at the annual meeting for two years, and immediately re-eligible.

The officers of the society are elected by this committee from its own members. They are a president, vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary and treasurer.

In looking over the present list of members one finds most naturally a large proportion of them not only Swiss but Genevans, with a liberal sprinkling from the various European countries and nine from the United States. The latter members include Harvard and Bryn Mawr college libraries and three individuals from Cincinnati. One wonders why Cincinnati happens to be so especially interested. One of its members is president of the *Alliance Française*, but Chicago, with its French club and long-standing connection with the *Alliance* is not represented at all. The editor of the *Nation* is a member, and another belongs to the faculty of Johns Hopkins. On the whole, it would seem that a knowledge of the new organization is as yet very unequally distributed in this country.

The society had its inception in Geneva in December, 1904 [*sic*], when certain persons interested met at the residence of M. Bernard Bouvier, now president, to consider plans. A preliminary committee was appointed whose first business was to interview the municipal authorities with a view to securing a certain amount of financial support and the privilege of arranging the proposed Archives at the public library and with its co-operation. This proposal being favorably received the next task was to draw up a constitution, call a public meeting for organization, and address invitations to membership to friends and notabilities in foreign countries. Some hundred and fifty such invitations were issued and, in most cases, were cordially accepted.

Of the many letters received from abroad four typical ones only are here published. The first is from M. Berthelot, secretary of the French Academy. Mr. Berthelot finds it peculiarly fitting that he should be a member of such a society, since besides being a warm admirer of Rousseau, it was he who was able to clear the latter's memory from the charge of suicide, he being the only man of our day permitted to examine and respectfully handle the remains of Rousseau when his casket was opened at the Pantheon.

Another is from the now zealous Catholic, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who sees no reason why he should not join such a society inasmuch as he understands that in its proposed publications there will be place for every impartial study, whatever may be its conclusions, and is himself not one of those who thinks it helps a cause to ignore its adversaries; on the contrary one cannot study them too much or know too much of them and their followers.

Still another of the notes is from Tolstoi, who says:

Rousseau has been my teacher ever since I was fifteen years old. Rousseau and the Bible have been the two great and beneficent influences in my life. Rousseau does not grow old. Quite recently I chance to have reread some of his work, and had the same feeling of spiritual uplifting and of admiration that I experienced when I read him in my early youth.

The meeting for organization was held June 6, 1904, in the aula of the University. The call for this meeting indicates in part as follows the need and the field for such a society:

All who interest themselves at all in studies concerning Jean Jacques Rousseau, know how inadequate are the facilities available for such work, and what inconvenience is caused by the dispersion of the documents and the lack of any center of information.

There is at the present time no complete and systematic bibliography either of the works of Rousseau or of the works about him, nor is there any authentic biography of the "Citizen of Geneva," any accurate edition of all his correspondence, any critical edition of his "Confessions," nor, lastly, an edition of his works which includes them all and meets the requirements of modern criticism.

The way for these very considerable and necessary tasks has been prepared of late years by numerous individual studies, and detailed scholarly investigation, but more than isolated workers are needed for their accomplishment. Hence the proposed organization of the Jean Jacques Rousseau Society with headquarters at Geneva.

Thanks to the coöperation of the municipal administration of the city of Geneva a group of citizens have already established the Jean Jacques Rousseau Archives, which will occupy a special room at the Public Library.

In his address at this meeting the chairman, M. Bouvier, indicated as follows what the Archives should contain:

1. All manuscript papers by Rousseau himself, or addressed to him, or relating to him, which are not already the property of some public collection.
2. All complete or partial editions of his works.
3. The iconography, in other words, all portraits of him, of people he knew, views of places where he has lived, loved and suffered, and of countries traveled through and described.
4. Documents concerning his personality, his friends and contemporaries, either originals or photographs.
5. Literature concerning Rousseau. Nothing is trifling or indifferent, for the most seemingly insignificant bit of manuscript or print, when brought into relation with all the other matter, may serve to confirm a fact, determine a date or name, or throw new light on some episode or chapter in the life of our subject.

Some interesting contributions to the Archives have already been recorded, among others the manuscript of the *Institutions Chimiques* of Rousseau. This manuscript, divided into four books, comprises 1203 pages written in a regular hand very easy to read. This important work by Rousseau has hitherto passed unnoticed being supposed to be merely notes on a course of lectures. M. Theophile Dufour, who was the first to consult the manuscript, believes it a personal work and holds that the notes theory will probably have to be abandoned.

It is the ambition of the promoters to make these archives, within the next ten or twenty years, as indispensable to every Rousseau student and investigator as the Schiller and Goethe Archives at Weimar are to students of those authors.

The beginnings of a systematic biblography on cards have already been made at the Public Library of Geneva. This will cover first the printed works of Rousseau to be found in Swiss libraries. It will then be extended to cover those in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the British Museum, before beginning on the manuscripts.

The present volume of the *Annales* contains, besides the by-laws, list of members and history of the organization, one or two interesting monographs, some hitherto unpublished documents concerning the condemnation and censorship of *Emile* and *Lettres Ecrites de la Montagne;* various hitherto unpublished Rousseau documents; an account of a visit to Rousseau in 1771; also one of his burial at the Pantheon, by Gaspard Vallette; a specimen bibliography of Rousseau in contemporaneous Czech literature, and the general bibliography for 1904.

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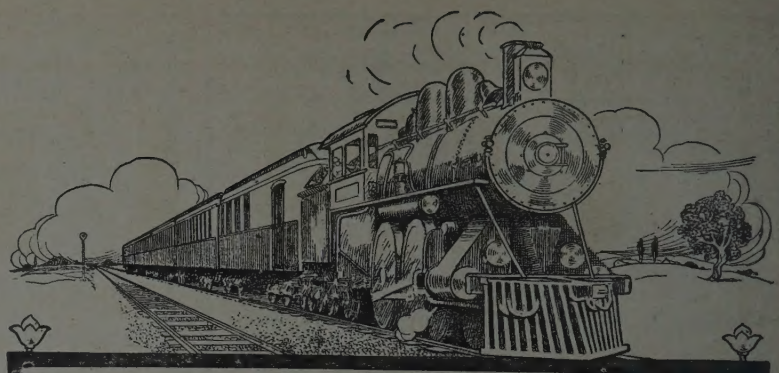

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